

The contention of the two famous Houses,

*Alarmer. They fight, and then enter Warwick and rescue
Richard, and then exeunt omnes.*

Alarmer still, and then enter Henry sixth.

Hen. Oh gracious God of heauen look downe on vs,
And set some endes to these incessant griefes,
How like a mastlesse ship vpon the seas,
This wofull battaile doth continue still,
Now leaning this way, now to that side driue,
And none doth know to whom the day will fall.
Oh, would my death might stay these ciuill iars!
Would I had neuer raignd, nor nere bene King.
Margaret and Clifford, chide me from the field,
Swearing they had best successe when I was thence.
Would God that I were dead, so all were well,
Or would my crowne suffice, I were content
To yeeld it them, and liue a priuate life.

Enter a Soldiour with a dead man in his armes.

Soul. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man that I haue slaine in fight to day,
May be possessed of some store of crownes,
And I will search to finde them if I can.
But stay; methinkes it is my fathers face:
Oh, tis he whom I haue slaine in fight,
From London was I prest out by the King;
My father he came on the part of *Torke*,
And in this conflict I haue slaine my father:
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

Enter another soldiour with a dead man.

2. Soul. Lie there thou that foughtst with me so stoutly,
Now let me see what store of gold thou hast.
But stay, methinks this is no famous face:
Oh no, it is my sonne that I haue slaine in fight.

Torke and Lancaster.

Oh monstrous times, begetting such euent,
How cruell, bloody, and ironous,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget.
Poore boy, thy father gaue thee life too late,
And hath bereau'd thee of thy life too soone.

King. Woe aboue woe, grieve more then common grieve,
Whil'st Lyons warre and battaile for their dens,
Poore Lambes do feeble the rigour of their wraths:
The red Rose and the white are on his face,
The fatall colours of our struiuing houses.
Wither one Rose, and let the other flourish,
For if you strue, ten thousand liues must perissh.

1. Soul. How will my mother for my fathers death,
Take on with me, and nere be satisfide?

2. Soul. How will my wife for slaughter of my sonne,
Take on with me and nere be satisfide?

King. How will the people now misdecme their King,
Oh would my death their mindes could satisfie.

1. Soul. Was euer sonne so rude, his fathers blood to spill?

2. Soul. Was euer father so vnnaturall, his sonne to kill?

King. Was euer King thus greued and vexed still?

1. Soul. Ile beare thee hence from this accursed place,
For woe is me to see my fathers face.

Exit with his father.

2. Soul. Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I haue murdered where I should not kill.

Exit with his sonne.

King. Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for teare,
Here sits a King, as woe begon as thee.

Alarmer, and enter the Queene.

Queene. Away my Lord, to *Barnwicke* presently,
The day is lost, our friends are murdered,
No helpe is left for vs, therefore away.

Enter Prince Edward.

Prince. Oh father flie, our men haue left the field,

M. 3.

Take.